3 1761 05252079 8

Morris, Frank
A master mind

PS
8475
O77M3

FROM

THE LIBRARY OF

PROFESSOR W. H. CLAWSON

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

ster

ıd.

FRANK MORRIS,

A Master Mind.

" *Thou madest him lower than the angels.*"

T. C. S.

PORT HOPE.

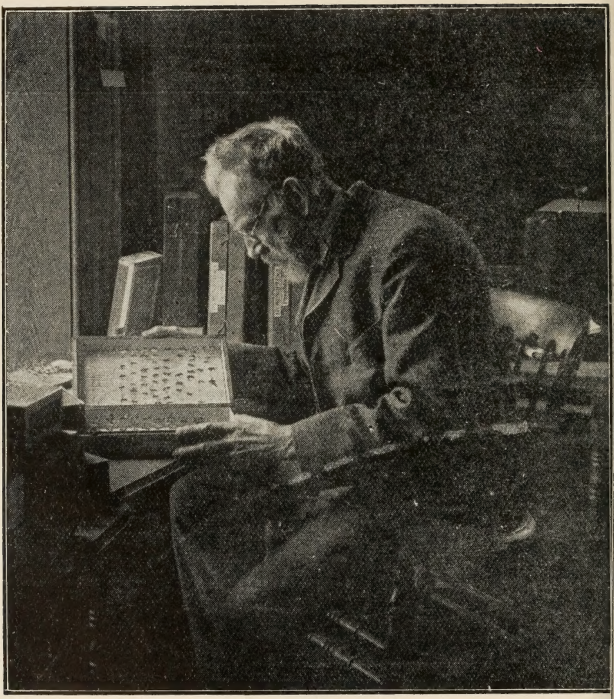
XMAS, 1906.

PS
8475
O77M3

924044

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/mastermind00morruoft



DR. WILLIAM BRODIE.

Dedication.

IT was fifteen years ago that I first met Dr. Brodie and our acquaintance soon ripened into friendship. His house was the resort of many a brother-naturalist as well as of artists and those interested in the world of books; one was always sure of a welcome and many of us fell into the way of calling at his home on some week-day evening or a Sunday afternoon to enjoy the discussions that so often took place there.

When Spring came round Dr. Brodie volunteered to take me out for an occasional tramp and help me get my bearings in the *flora* and *fauna* of Ontario. These rambles were a great pleasure and the memory of them is still fresh as yesterday. One time it would be a trip to High Park to see some of the gentians or gerardias, or over the heath towards Lambton in search of Lepidoptera; at another to Victoria Park to note the warblers on their Spring migration, or up the Don Valley collecting galls.

Then my work called me away to Eastern Ontario and during the next five years it was only occasionally that we met. But soon after my removal to Port Hope, our intimacy was renewed. A good part of my time had been devoted to botany and we greatly enjoyed comparing notes and dis-

A Master Mind.

"Guide, philosopher and friend."

I

Ah! you who own the sovereign sway
Of commerce and the busy mart,
You knew him not, he lived apart,
The king who passed in state to-day.

A king who recked not worldly gear,
A pauper—you who rate by gold,
But rich in knowledge manifold,
In Nature's lore without a peer.

He lived his threescore years and ten;
He had his court of liegemen true;
They loved him, like that chosen few
Who served the Master scorned of men.

"He is no king of ours," you say,
"We know him not ;"—yet bare the head,
Pay you your tribute, he is dead,
I saw him pass in state to-day.

II

To bow the knee he was not planned
With willowy grace and pliant form ;
Like stalwart oak he faced the storm
And bore its brunt—a monarch grand.

A shock of rebel locks upreared
Above the forehead bold and high ;
'Neath shaggy brow the deep-set eye
Challenged enquiry ; grizzled beard

Part hid the lip ; a man endued
With power of thought, you read the face;
The Maker moulds in some for grace,
For strength those rugged features hewed.

In mind and will maturest man,
A boy at heart ; his eager quest
Of Nature's ways the boy confessed,
But through it all endurance ran ;

Bend as they might the sturdy frame
And quell the lustre of the eye,
Not years could daunt the purpose high
Or quench the ardent spirit's flame.

III

Greybeard and youth, a thoughtful throng,
Would gather round their Scottish sage,
Right gladly youth give place to age,
Listen and learn and ponder long.

Was life's dark riddle hard to read?
His vibrant tones would cheer. Were there
Who questioned truth? who fought despair?
He welcomed all, nor asked their creed.

Did they in earnest seek? He sought
In earnest too. From bounteous store
He loved with lavish hand to pour
Jewels of knowledge and of thought.

Responsive hearts, unwavering eyes
His steadfast gaze compelled again;
He loved the truth, his speech was plain,
He could not stoop to compromise.

IV

Oh! all too rare the thoughtful mind
That keeps abreast of Science' way
And still reveres the older day,
The simpler faith that lags behind.

Dead now, but while the ages run
His work shall live; 'tis such as he
Alone inspire posterity,
Fathering their kind from son to son.

We know not when our days are sped,
And I who through his friendship stand
Would lift some falterer by the hand
Ere I lie nerveless with the dead.

FRANK MORRIS.

T. C. S.
PORT HOPE.

" Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight ;
We mock thee when we do not fear :
But help thy foolish ones to bear ;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light."

Tennyson.

HB-14-1-65.

PS 8475 077M3 Morris, Frank
A master mind

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY